



Masquerade Mask



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Chapter 1 by Sam I am

Tonight was the night of Senior Prom for Abigail. She had everything in order and ready to go. Her makeup was done nicely and her hair was all stiff and proper from the hair spray. A few minutes later, her boyfriend arrived and waited outside with her parents so they could take pictures. As she walked down the stairs with her mask in her hand, excitement filled her body and she was practically exploding. Tonight was going to be the night of her life. At least that's what she thought it was going to be.

Chapter 2 by R



(wow what i literally just went to prom days ago...)

They met up with friends at a restaurant before hand - it's a fondue place so that they all can feel fancy but still have good food. Everything is going wonderfully, from the food to the limo they all ride in to the sight of the party unfolding before them.

The music switches between fancy stuff, worthy of a masquerade - and they all are in fancy, if relatively cheap, masks - and modern, quick dance music. It's fun. She's having the time of her

life. Her boyfriend is amazing and life is amazing and everything is just so great.

Then she goes to talk with her friend who is dancing with another girl. Kissing another girl. She doesn't want to talk about this, wants to avoid it and pretend that it's not happening.

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She holds his arm as they walk outside, as the crowd makes it's way either home or to the after party or elsewhere. She avoids noticing the way he looks at *her* (the sharp knife like pain of the simplest glance) and instead stares up at the dark sky with the few, faint stars.

Oh.

Oh no.

She is the first one to notice it. The sky is dark and they look like stars, at first. But they aren't stars. Stars don't move like that. Stars don't get bigger.

That night she had tried to ignore her own personal end of the world.

Now, this was the real deal.

Chapter 3 by The Writer



"Cara, what seems to be the matter?"

Before she could reply, the meteor landed right on top of Matt. Cara had to admit that it was kind of funny. Revenge had come to the backstabbing boyfriend, but that wasn't really the most important thing at the moment. She looked around as other rocks fell from the sky. They weren't ginormous, but they could get the size of trash cans. Like the one that killed Matt.

Cara looked around in horror at the scene unfolding around her. She was frozen to the spot she stood in terror. She didn't know where to go. The rocks kept falling. Cara only jumped when one landed at her feet.

"Hey, move!"

Cara turned and saw a boy calling in her direction. She took one step forward, while the other foot got crushed by a rock. Screaming in pain, she fell to the ground. Her eyes filled up with tears, which made her mask become soggy. Running to her aid, the stranger helped her release

the smashed foot and picked her up in his arms.

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"You shouldn't have stayed out here! It's not safe!"

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Cara just pressed her face into the boy's shirt and let the tears flow. She wanted to ignore the pain, but it just continued to sting like a raging fire.

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